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Winter Scene 2

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The barmaid grabs a bottle of Ruffino,  
Pulls the cork out with her teeth.  
A fallen god breathes violet smoke  
And sips absinthe from a straw.

Wood nymphs and werewolves  
Form a string quartet,  
Conducted by the Austrian man-child:  
A baton in one hand, Schnapps in the other.

An angel and daemon dance  
Their hips grind in rhythm  
Her face pink with passion  
His face pale with fear.

A water sprite dances alone,  
Soaked beneath her rain cloud,  
And with a crooked finger beckons  
The monster cowering in the corner.

The barmaid blinks at the doors,  
Varnished in white clover,  
Protecting her patrons from horrors beyond.  
She pours another round.

Wasting away in the exhaust of a comatose state are some, eyes open seeing new worlds in clarity are others, while a select few crawl through Hell blinded by visions of terror. Still the electric pulses have yet to slow, numb to the deafening watts as they are now winding their way to the surface of a sleeping city. Whimsical youths will lay until afternoon, their internal timing chains hours slow, yet only eight rounds of the gauge have passed. The beating motion is still lingering as weary heads fall upon waiting pillows, headlight eyes switch off near six a.m. The last sounds fade for these who now dream anew, yet still worshipers of the dance rage against the coming of the light, would they be consumed in the warehouse flames before they saw the dawn?

Spread the word the Machine was here and they called it the Rave.